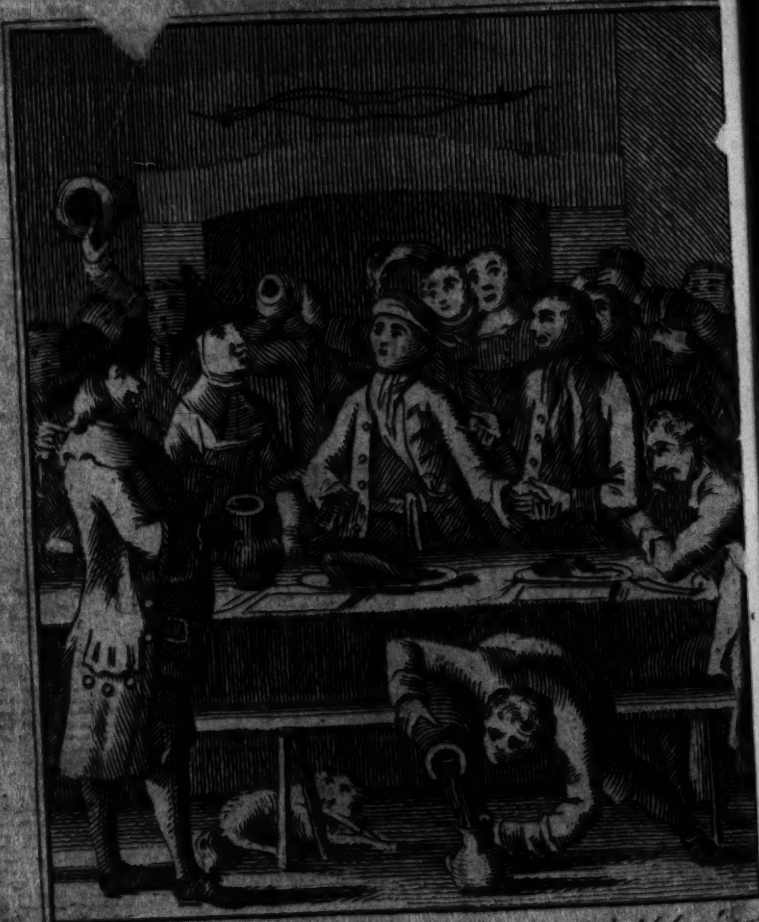




*Robin Hood and his Mother entertained by Sir
Gamwell at Gamwell Hall.*

THE *Exploits* OF
THE
RENOWNED ROBIN HOOD
the Terror of
FORE-STALLERS & ENGROSSERS
and the Protector of the
POOR & HELPLESS
interspersed
with variety of SONGS & adorn'd with
several curious Copper Plates.

LONDON:

Published according to a Act of Parliament
Oct. the 20th 1799. for H. Roberts N. 36 near Strand
Alley almost opposite Great Turn-Style Holborn
Price Six Pence.

58

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LONDON

ROBIN HOOD
EXPLOITS

Of the famous and renown'd

ROBIN HOOD.

THE accounts of this man's genealogy are exceedingly various; and the stories of his robberies, amongst the country people of England, seem as fictitious, as those concerning the thefts of Mercury, amongst the Heathens of Greece and Italy. As the latter was accounted a God for his dexterity in pilfering, so the first is generally considered as of noble birth; chiefly, one would imagine, on account of his superior spirit in committing plunder; not but that there is sufficient tradition to induce us to think he really was

A

a noble-

a nobleman ; particularly that contained in an old ballad, of which we shall give our Readers a part, as containing a strong picture of the old English manners.

The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage
of ROBIN HOOD, with CLORINDA, the
Queen of Titbury Feast.

Supposed to be related by the Fidler who plays
at their Wedding.

In Lockley town, in Nottinghamshire,

In merry sweet Lockley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forester was,

And he shot a lusty strong bow ;
Two north country miles and an inch at a shoot,

As the fider of Wakefield does know :

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdolee,
To shoot with our forester for forty marks,
But our forester beat them all three.
His mother was neice to the Coventry knight,
Whom Warickshire men call sir Guy,
For he slew the blue boar that hangs up at the gate,
Or my host at the Bull tells a lye.
Her brother was Gamwell, of great Gamwell-hall,
A noble housekeeper was he:
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'squire of famous degree,
The mother of Robin said to her husband,
My honey, my love and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwell,
To taste of thy brother's good cheer.
And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan;
Take one of my horses, I pray:
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas day.

ROBIN HOOD.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was bro't;
 And bridled and saddled was he;
 Got wot a blue bonnet, a new suit of cloaths,
 And a cloak that did reach to his knees,
 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
 They were of a Lincoln green;
 The cloth was homespun, but for colour and make
 It might have beseemed our queen.
 Then Robin got on his basket hilt sword,
 And his dagger on the other side,
 And said, my dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
 We have forty long miles to ride.
 When Robin was mounted on his gelding so grey,
 His father, without any trouble,
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
 For his gelding had oft carried double,
 And when she was settl'd, they rode to their neigh-
 And drank & shook hands with them all, [hours,
 And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
 Till they lighted at Gamwell Hall,

And

And now you may think the right worshipful squire,
Was joyful his sifter to see;
For he kiss'd her, & kiss'd her, & swore a great oath,
Thou art welcome kind sifter, to me.
The morrow when mass has been said in the chapel,
Six Tables were covered in the Hall,
Then in comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,
It was, neighbours, you're welcome all.
But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
'Till a Christmas carol he has sung;
Then all clapt hands, and they shouted and sang,
'Till the hall and the parlour rung.
Now mustard & brawn, roast beef, & plum-pies,
Were set upon every table;
And noble George Gamwell said, eat & be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.
When dinner was ended, the chaplain said grace;
Lets be merry, my friends, said the squire;
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.

A 3

And

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
Which shall make you both merry and glad.
When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeoman, and clown :
And what do you think ? why, as true as you live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.
And now you may think the right worshipful squire,
Was joyful this sight for to see :
For he said, cousin Robin, thou go'st no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.
Thou shalt have my land when I die, & till then
Thou shalt be the staff of my age ;
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, says Robin,
That Little John may be my page.
And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon,
With all my heart so let it be ;
Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
Come hither, my page, unto me.

Robin

Robin Hood, along with his uncle Gamwell's estate, inherited his spirit. As soon as the old gentleman died, he opened his house to all who were pleased to make use of it; relieved the poor, and did a thousand other meritorious actions, which gained him the good-will and esteem of all about him; but this open and free way of living did not last long; for, by his profusion and too great liberality having run through the estate, he was obliged to support himself as well as he could. He had abundance of deep reflections within himself how to maintain his usual grandeur and hospitality, which at length turned upon robbing the rich, and always shewing kindness to the poor, who were continually sending up their prayers to heaven for his prosperity and long life, because,

cause, if he met any of them, he would not only refrain from injuring or robbing them, but give them money; nay, wheresoever he heard that any were sick or in want, he was sure to send to relieve them. In the course of these robberies, he was joined by several out-laws and banditti, with which England then swarmed, in consequence of the King's absence from his realms.

The first adventure related of Robin Hood, was in his attacking, in company with Little John and fifteen more of his men, the bishop of Carlisle, who had fifty in his retinue. The account of the matter stands thus. Robin having intelligence that the prelate was in his way to London, met him on the south-side of Ferry-bridge in Yorkshire, and though his retinue was so numerous, fell on him with his much inferior number; took from him
eight

eight hundred marks; and then, tying him to a tree made him sing mass. After this he untied him; set him on his horse again, with his face to the tail; and in that condition obliged him to ride to London, where the bishop made such a heavy complaint to the king of the indignity that had been offered him, that his Majesty issued out a proclamation for apprehending him; but all endeavours to do it proved ineffectual.

Some time after this, the king having proposed a shooting match in Finsbury-fields, Robin and his gang, notwithstanding this proclamation against them, thought proper to be spectators of this diversion; nay, and to be parties in it. Accordingly, having disguised themselves, they came up to London; and without being known, mixed among the company assembled on the occasion

casion. Great commendations were given to the king's archers, who, to say the worst of them, shot exceedingly well; and large betts moving about, Robin stepped up, and offered to lay an hundred marks, that he singled out three men who should shoot better than any three others that could be produced to oppose them. The king takes up our adventurer; but the queen, admiring the resolution of the strangers, as she thought them, was enticed to lay a thousand pounds on their heads against the king; and her example was followed by several of the nobility. Robin now bent his bow, and shot almost in the middle of the mark, beating the adversary above a span. Little John hit the black spot in it, and likewise overcame his antagonist. But Midge the miller, pinned up the basket, by cleaving with his arrow the pin in two, which was in the middle

de of the black, so that the queen and all those that laid on her side won their wagers. But, when the king came to know afterwards, that it was Robin Hood and part of his gang that had beaten his archers, he swore that he should be hanged whenever he was caught; and, in order thereto, sent out several detachments of soldiers into the forest of Sherwood after him; which Robin having private notice of, withdrew into Yorkshire; thence to Newcastle, Cumberland, Lancashire and Cheshire; and last of all came and hid himself in London, 'till the heat of the hue and cry was over. Then he returned to his old place of rendezvous, to the no small joy of his companions, from whom he had been separated above eight months. This story is prettily told, though with some variation, in the following old ballad.

Renowned

Renowned ROBIN HOOD; or, His famous
Archery performed before Q. Catherine.

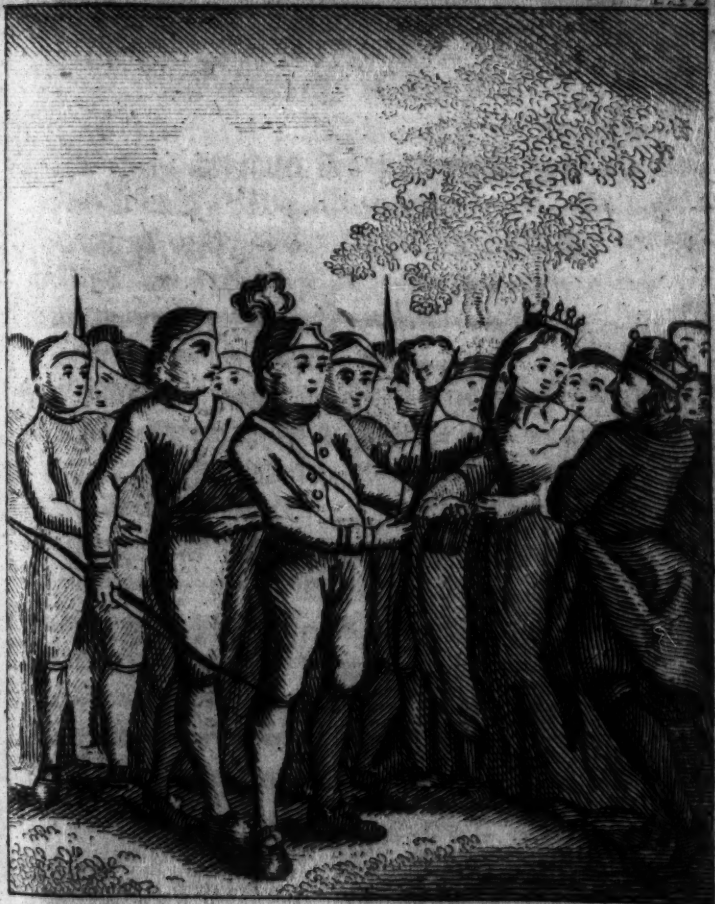
Gold taken from the king's harbingers,
As seldom hath been seen,
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
For a present to the queen.

If that I live one year to an end,
Queen Catherine, she did say,
Bold Robin Hood I'll be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.

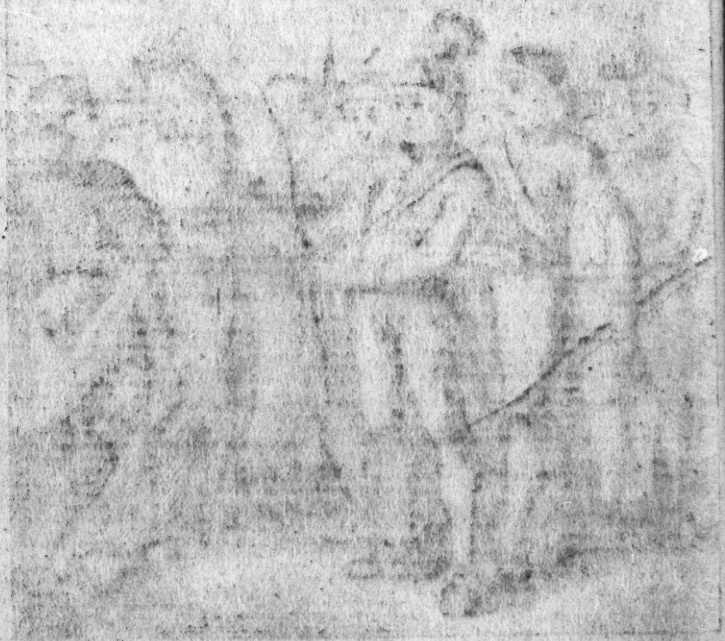
The queen is to her chamber gone
As fast as she could wen :

She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Parington,
Come hither to me, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to me :

For thou must post to Nottingham,
As hard as thou canst dree.



*Robin Hood Challenges to Shoot with the Kings
Archers for 100 marks.*



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And as thou goest to Nottingham,
Search every English wood;
Enquire of one good yeoman or other,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.
Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
As hard as he could wen,
And when he came to Nottingham,
There he took up his inn.
He calls for a bottle of Rhenish wine,
To drink a health to the queen,
Wishing that he might speedily
Find out jolly Robin.
There sat a yeoman by his side,
Who said, sweet page, tell me
What is thy business and thy cause,
So far in the North country.
This is my business and my cause,
Sir, I'll tell you for good,
To enquire of some good yeoman or other,
To tell me of Robin Hood.

I'll take my horse betimes in the morn,
Be it by break of Day,
And I will show the bold Robin Hood,
With all his yeomen gay.
When he came to Robin Hood's place,
He fell down on his knee,
Queen Catherine she does greet you well,
She greets you well by me.
She bids you post to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing,
For there will be a little sport,
And she hath sent you her ring.
Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
It was of Lincoln green,
And sent it by this lovely page,
For a present to the queen.
In summer time, when leaves are green,
It was a seemly sight to see,
How Robin Hood had dressed himself
And all his yeomandree.

He

He clothed his men in Lincoln green,
And himself in scarlet red;
Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.
And when he came to London court,
He fell down on his knee,
Thou art welcome, Locksly, said the queen,
And all thy yeomandree.
Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
Bow bearer after me,
Come measure me out with the line,
How long the mark must be.
What is the wager? said the queen,
For that I must know here.
Three hundred tun of rhenish wine,
Three hundred tun of beer.
Three hundred of the fattest harts
That run on Dallam lee.
That's a princely wager, said the queen,
I needs must tell to thee.

With

With that bespoke one Clifton then,
Full boldly and full soon,
Measure us no mark, most sovereign leige,
We'll shoot at sun and moon.
Full fifteen score your mark shall be,
Full fifteen score shall stand;
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
I cleave the willow wand.
With that the king's archers led about
Till it was three to one;
With that the ladies began to shout,
Madam, your game is gone.
A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries,
I beg it on my knee;
Is there ever a knight of your council,
On queen Catharine's side will be?
Come hither to me, sir Robert Lee,
Thou art a knight full good,
For I do know by thy pedigree,
Thou sprunkest from Gower's blood.

Come

Come hither, thou bishop of Hereford,

For a noble priest you be:

By my silver mitre, the bishop he said,

I'll not bet one penny.

The king has archers of his own,

Full ready and full right;

And these be strangers every one,

No man knows what they hight.

What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,

Thou seest our game is worst;

By my silver mitre, then said the bishop,

All the money in my purse.

What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,

Now throw it on the ground:

Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,

It is near an hundred pound.

Robin Hood took his bag from his side,

And threw it on the green;

Will Scadlock then went smiling away,

I know who this money must win.

With that the king's archers led about,
While it was three to three ;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
Woodcock beware thy knee.
It is three to three now, said the king,
The next three pays for all :
Robin Hood went and whispered the queen,
The king's part shall be but small.
Then Robin Hood did leap about,
He shot it under hand :
And Clifton, with a bearing arrow,
Did cleave the willow wand ;
And little Midge, the miller's son,
Did shoot not much the worse,
He shot within a finger of the prick,
Now bishop, beware thy purse.
A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cry'd,
I crave it on my bear knee,
That you will angry be with none,
That are of my party.

They

They shall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times forty to sport and play,
Then welcome friend or foe.
Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queen,
And so is little John,
And so is Midge the miller's son;
Thrice welcome every one.
Is this Robin Hood? the king then said,
For it was told to me,
That he was slain in the palace gate,
So far in the north country.
Is this Robin Hood? said the bishop then,
As it seems well to be;
Had I known it had been that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.
He took me late one Sunday night,
And bound me fast to a tree,
And made me sing a mass, god wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

What if I did, says Robin Hood,
Of that mass I was full feign;
For, recompence of that, he says,
Here's half thy gold again.
Now nay, now nay, says Little John,
Master that may not be;
We must give gifts to the king's officers,
That gold will serve thee and me.

Robin having a mind to make a progress by himself, put into a bye-sort of a house, a little out of the road, in which he found nobody but a poor old woman, who was weeping very bitterly and in a flood of tears. Robin, moved at her extraordinary crying, desired her to acquaint him with the cause of her sorrow; to which she answered, that she was a poor woman and a widow; and being somewhat indebted to her landlord for rent, she expected him every moment to come and

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seize what few goods she had, which would be her utter ruin. This news filling Robin's breast with compassion, he bid her be comforted; for that he would make things easy. Upon this he pulled off his rich laced cloaths, and put on an old coat, which the old woman had lent him; and secured his horse in an old barn; the old miserly landlord coming in soon after to demand his rent, Robin rises out of the chimney corner with a short stick in his hand, and says, "I understand, Sir, that my sister here (poor woman) is behind hand for rent, and that you design to seize her goods; but, she being a desolate widow, and having nothing wherewithal to satisfy you at present, I hope you will take so much pity and compassion on her mean circumstances, as not to be severe upon her; pray,

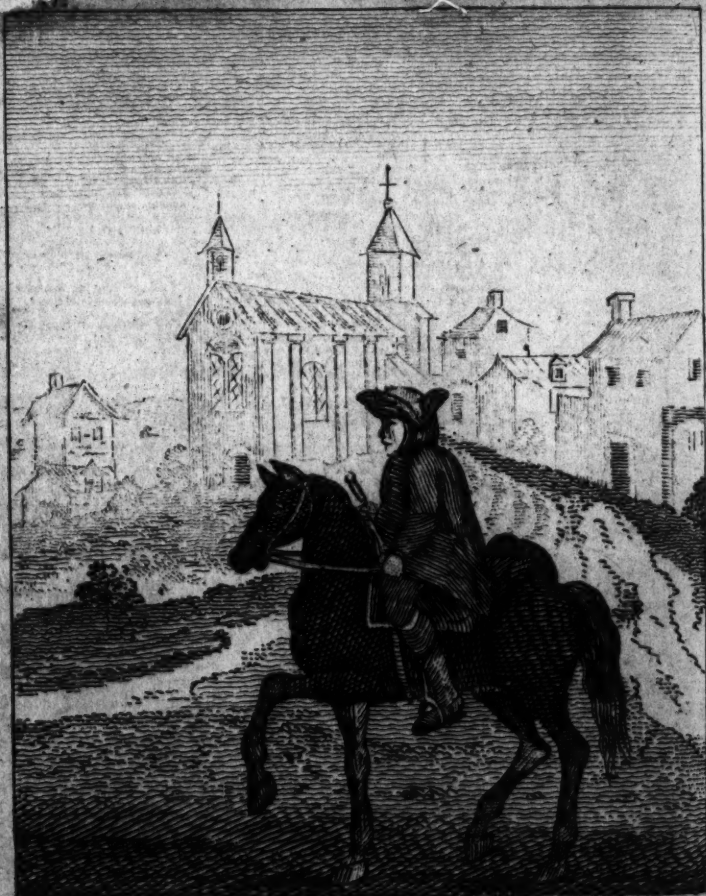
B 3

Sir,

Sir, let me persuade you to have a little forbearance." To which the landlord replied, "Do not tell me of forbearance, I will not pity people to the ruin of myself; I will have my money, I want my rent; and, if I am not paid now, I will seize her goods forthwith, and turn her out of my house." When Robin found that neither arguments nor intreaties would prevail with the old miserly cuss, to have patience with the poor woman, he pulled out a leather bag out of his pocket, and said, "Come, let's see a receipt in full, and I will pay it; so accordingly a receipt was given, and the rent paid. Then, the landlord being upon going away, says Robin, it is drawing towards night, Sir, and there is great robbing abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till to-morrow morning, and take the day before you.

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*Robin Hood goes off with the Friar horse Cloutier
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No, no, replied the landlord, I will go home now, I shall reach seven miles before it is dark. Pray, Sir, says Robin to him again, let me persuade you to tarry here, for indeed there is great robbing abroad. I do not care, answered the landlord, what robbing there is abroad; I will go home now. Besides, I do not fear being robbed by any one man, let him be what he will: so taking his horse, away he rode, and Robin after him dressed in his fine cloaths. At length, coming up with him at a pond, by which he knew he must pass by, he bid him stand and fight, or deliver his money; which words so terrified him, that he delivered all the money he had received for rent, and as much more to the back of it. Then Robin made what haste he could back to the old woman; and

B 4 disguising

disguising himself as before. It was not long before the landlord came back too, and knocked at the door. Upon this Robin asks who is there? the landlord answers it is I. What I? says Robin; why it is I, answered the landlord again. At these words the old woman cried out, O dear! it is my landlord: to letting him in, he told his grievance with a great deal of sorrow; as how he was robbed by a rogue in a laced coat, who swore a thousand oaths at him, and had certainly knocked his brains out had he not given him all his money. Ay, says Robin, I told you there was great robbing abroad, but you would not take my advice; now I hope you will stay here till morning. But there was no longer the same necessity for taking his advice, as he had no more money to lose; so, after enlarging a little more on his misfortunes, the greatest he thought

thought that could happen to him, he took his horse and made the best of his way homeward. Robin, we may be sure, did not forget to return the poor widow her rent.

The king having determined to make a progress into the north of England, and Robin coming to hear of it, he resolved to rob his majesty. Accordingly taking sixty of his followers along with him, he put himself and his associates in very rich cloaths, with each man his white horse, well harnessed and accoutred; and, meeting the king at a small village, with about thirty in his retinue (for the kings of England in those days were not wont to be attended with horse-guards as now) Robin, who was at the head of his comrades, stepped up to his majesty, and addrest him in a very handsome manner.

manner. " My leige, says he, by our extraordinary garb and dress we should seem to be persons of dignity and fortune, but I must crave leave to be so sincere with you, as to inform you we are of a quite different stamp and condition, that which probably you and your retinue may take us to be. For my part, being descended of honourable parents, and left, when very young, in possession of a considerable estate, which for several years supported me in a very genteel and gay manner, I reckon myself among the number of those your countrymen (for subject is too harsh a word for a gentleman to pronounce) who think themselves the happiest persons living, for having lost all their generosity and hospitality. What mean you, Sir, by this mysterious way of discourse? answered the king; explain yourself, for really I am at a loss

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Robin Hood Robs the Corn Factor.

loss to understand you. To which Robin replies; my leige, my actions are already so much divulged throughout this land, that there is no necessity for your making any enquiry about me; I am only to inform you, that, having run through all that I was born to, and double the quantity, I made myself captain over these brave fellows whom you see before you. Our employment is to collect tribute (not as you do to satiate the hungry appetites of ministers of state and pensioners) of every one that travels through these countries, which I have some time ago annexed to my dominions. I constantly take from the rich to give to the poor, and, therefore I share my benevolence hourly; who cannot think but your generosity will look upon me as a deserving person. What I want, Sir, is your money, the delivery of which
will

will give you a free passport to the place you are going, The king finding by the number of Robin's attendance, that there was no such thing as resisting his demand, pulled out a purse and gave it him; and Robin, finding by the weight of it, that there was enough to answer his present occasions, without having recourse to the noblemens pockets, who waited upon the king, he suffered them to depart untouched.

Our readers are to be acquainted, that it was no difficulty to rob our kings at that time of day. Several of our nobility of the present age appear with much more splendid and numerous retinues than they did. Kings formerly used to make frequent progresses to different parts of the kingdom, to diffuse their riches among their country subjects, and see how matters went among them. Now the custom is quite

quite varied; nothing but large bodies of life-guards being to be seen waiting upon our kings, though it be but for three or four miles. Such company, on such occasions, looks more like a clog upon majesty than an addition to it.

Robin, happening to be out one morning by himself, and observing a young man, of a genteel aspect and well drest, sitting under the shade of a tree in a very melancholy and dejected mood, he presently made up to him, and asked the reason of his sitting so disconsolately there. The young man, after many sobs and tears, broke out very fervently into an exclamation against woman kind, who, he said, were the most perfidious wretches in the world. I this morning, said he, had got all things ready in order to be married to the daughter of the gentleman of
that

that house; but, money being a stronger persuasive than the truest love, another person in the neighbourhood has supplanted me by the young woman's own appointment, though she is mine by all the sacred oaths under heaven. Ay, ay, says Robin, is your case so? never be afraid, man! but put on a more chearful look, and I will warrant you success; you shall not only have the woman, but her fortune too. He then took the young man along with him to his comrades, who went back to the church together: and, meeting the bishop, began to discourse with him on some points of religion, till a wealthy knight, and the young man's mistress came in to be married. Upon this Robin said, "It is a great shame that such a young and beautiful woman should be married to such a fumbling old man as this,

to

to lye grunting by her side, and to make a nurse of her all the days of her life: no, no, she shall have her own bridegroom, and he his right mistress." With that he blew a blast, and straightway appeared the young man, and twenty Yeomen. "Now, said Robin, you shall enjoy the woman you love, this very day." No, hold, said the bishop, that is against the laws of our church, to marry any person that has not been asked three times." Robin, hearing this, immediately pulled off the bishop's robes, and put them on little John, who went up directly into the choir, and asked them seven times before all the people; but the young gentleman absolutely refused to make any response, till menaces and high words forced her into a compliance; when away they carried

ried her to Sherwood, where they kept the wedding.

The flouter a man was, the more desirous was Robin to measure his strength with him. Meeting, therefore, one day with Arthur-a-Bland, the famous tanner of Nottingham, he made no more ado, but entered the lists with him, as related in the following old ballad.

ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER.

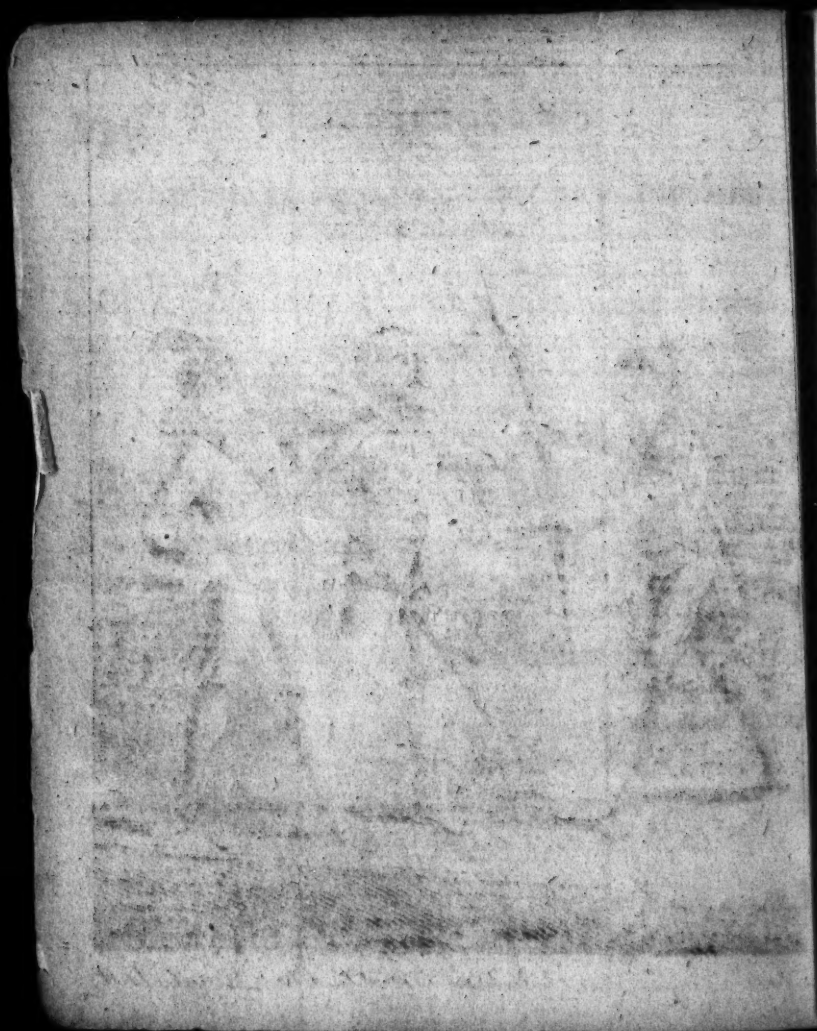
Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.

In Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland:
There is never a 'squire in Nottinghamshire,
Dare bid bold Arthur to stand,

Will



Arthur of Bland enters into Robin Hood's list



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With a long pike staff upon his shoulder,
So well he can clear the way,
By two and by three, he makes them to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went out in a summer's morning,
Into the forest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that run here and there,
There did he meet with Robin Hood,

As soon as bold Robin Hood did him espy,
He thought that some sport he would make,
Therefore out of hand, he bid him to stand,
And thus unto him did speak.

Why, who art thou, thou proud fellow,
That rangeest so boldly here;
In truth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief,
That is come to steal our king's deer.

For I am a keeper in this forest,
The king puts me in trust,

To look to his deer, that ron here and there,
Therefore stop thee I must.

If thou be the keeper of this forest,
And hast such a great command;
Yet you must have more partakers in store,
Before you make me to stand.

No, I have no more partakers in store,
Nor any that I do need;
But I have a staff, of a good oak graft,
I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot;
If thou gettest a knock upon thy bare scop,
Thou can'st as well sh—t as shoot.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
And give better terms to me;
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
I make thee more mannerly.

Marr

Marry gap, with a wanion, quoth Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man ;
I care not a fig for your looking so big,
Mend yourself where you can.

Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow so long ;
He took up his staff, of another oak graft,
That was both stiff and strong.

I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine :
For I have a staff, of another oak graft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
Before we begin the fray,
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My staff is of oak so free ;

Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin he could no longer forbear,
But gave him a very good knock :
But quickly and soon the blood it run down,
Before it was ten o'clock.

Then Arthur soon recovered himself,
And gave him a knock on the crown,
That from every side of Robin Hood's head,
The blood run trickling down.

Then Robin he raged like a wild bear,
As soon as he saw his own blood;
Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,
As if he had been cleaving of wood.

Then about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chase,
Striving to aim at each other, to maim
Leg, arm, or any place.

And

And blow for blow they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours or more;
That all the woods rang at every bang,
They plied their work so fore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And let our quarrel fall;
For here we may thresh our bones all to mash,
And get no coin at all.

And here in the forest of merry Sherwood,
Hereafter thou shalt be free;
God ha' mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,
I may thank my good staff and not thee.

What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prithee me show?
And also me tell in what place you do dwell,
For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought,

And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
I'll tan thy hide for nought.

God ha' mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
Since thou art so kind and free,
If thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

If thou wilt forsake thy tanners trade,
And live in the green wood with me,
My name is Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,
To give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
We two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
Of him I fain would hear,
For we are ally'd by the mother's side,
And he is my kinsman near.

Then

Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew both loud and shrill;
And soon and anon he saw Little John
Come tripping down the hill.

O what is the matter? then said Little John,
Master, I pray you tell,
Why do you stand, with your staff in your hand,
I fear all is not well?

O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
The tanner that stands by my side:
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
For he soundly has tanned my hide.

He is to be commended then, said Little John,
If he such a feat can do;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
For, as I do understand,

He's

He's a yeoman good, of thy own blood,
And his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John flung away his staff,
As far as he could fling,
And run out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.

With loving respect, there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy ;
Each other did face wish a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
And danced about the oak tree,
For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be.

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We three will be all as one ;
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

Another

Another time, a gentleman, as he was riding from Coventry to London, happened to meet with Robin Hood, and thinking him to be an honest gentleman, desired him, if he had any thing to loose to turn back, and go some other way, or else he would certainly meet with highwaymen, and be robbed; for that he had narrowly escaped them himself. I have no great charge about me, Sir, said Robin; however I will take your advice for fear of the worst. So, as they were riding along, said Robin, perhaps we may meet with some rogues of the gang by the way; for this, too, I now begin to think, in an ugly robbing road; therefore, I will secure what little I have, which is but ten pieces of gold, by putting it into my mouth. Now the gentleman, not the least suspecting him to be of that profession, told him, that, for fear he should be set upon, he had secured his

his gold in the feet of his stockings; adding, that it was no trifling sum, and that he had received it that day of his tenants for rent. Discoursing thus together, they had not gone above half a mile farther, before they came into a very by-place, where Robin bid the gentleman stand, and deliver his money. The gentleman, not a little surprized at so unexpected a demand, told him, he took him for a very honest and worthy person; and that, whether he was mistaken or not in thinking so, he thought himself entitled to better usage for his friendly caution to him. But nothing but his money would go down with Robin, who left him cursing his folly for telling him where he had hid his money. It amounted to fourscore and ten marks

Sometime after this, Robin meeting with a butcher going to market to sell his meat, bought
his

his whole cargo, and his mare with it, which came together to about twenty pounds. With these Robin immediately goes to the market, and sells his bargain presently, making such good pennyworths, that all the people concluded he must have stolen the meat. When he had converted it all into money, he puts into an inn at Nottingham, and treats all his customers to the value of five pounds. The sheriff of the county who happened to be at the same time in the inn, coming to hear of it, and taking him to be some prodigal spark, of whom he might make a penny, intrudes into his company, and after some short discourse, asks him, if he had any more meat to sell? Not ready dressed, said Robin; but I have two or three hundred head of cattle at home, and a hundred acres of land to keep them on, which if you will buy, I will sell you them a pennyworth. The sheriff snapt at the

the proffer, and took four hundred pounds in gold along with him. Away they rid together, but he was very much surprized at the melancholly place that Robin had brought him to. He told him, he wished they did not meet with a man called Robin Hood, and began to wish himself back again. But it was then too late; for, Robin winding his horn, presently came Little John, with fifty of his companions, who were commanded, by their captain Robin, to take the sheriff to dinner with them, assuring them he had money enough to pay his share. Accordingly they got a collation ready for the sheriff; and, after dinner was over, they led him into the Forest, and there took all his gold from him, good part of which he had borrowed of the inn-keeper where he met with Robin Hood. The account of this matter given in the old ballad, is as follows:

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD and the BUTCHER.

Shewing how he robbed the Sheriff of Nottingham.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar,

Come, all ye brave gallants, and listen awile,

With a hey down, down, and a down,

That are in this bower within:

For of Robin Hood, that archer good,

A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,

Bold Robin in the forest did spy

A jolly butcher, with a fine mare,

With his flesh to the market did he.

Good merrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,

What food haste? tell unto me:

Thy trade unto me tell, and where thou dost dwell,

For I like well thy company.

The

The butcher answered jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham,
I am going my meat to sell.

What's the price of thy flesh? said jolly Robin,
Come tell it soon unto me?
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
For a butcher I fain would be.

The price of my flesh the butcher reply'd,
I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
Four marks thou must give unto me.

Four marks, I will give thee, said jolly Robin,
Four marks shall be thy fee:
The money come count and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;

With

With a good intent, to the sheriff's he went,
And there put up his inn.

When other butchers did open their shops,
Bold Robin he then did begin;
But how for to sell, he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin he got both gold and fee,
For he sold more meat for a penny,
Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one penny,
Than others could for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham,
To study as they did stand,
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
That had sold his father's land.

Tha

The butchers stepped to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be :
Come, brother, said one, we be all of one trade,
Come, will you go dine with me.

Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly Robin,
That a butcher will deny :
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie.

But when they to the sheriff's house came,
To dinner they hied apace ;
And Robin Hood he the man must be,
Before them all to say grace.

Pray God Bless us all, said jolly Robin,
And our food within this place ;
A cup of sack so good will cherish the blood,
And so I end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
Let us drink and ne'er give o'er,

For the shot I will pay, e'er I go my way,
If it costs me five pounds or more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
Said the sheriff it's some prodigal,
That some land has sold, for silver and gold.
And now he does mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horn'd beasts? said the sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three;
And a hundred acres of good tree land,
If you please it for to see.
And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father did me.

The sheriff he saddled his good palfry,
And took three hundred pounds in gold;
Then away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beast to behold.

Then the sheriff and Robin away did ride
To the forest of merry Sherwood.

Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day,
From a man they call Robin Hood.

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy,
An hundred head of good fat deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

How like you my horned beasts, master sheriff?
You see they be fair to see;
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three;
Then quickly and anon, there came Little John,
And all his company.

What is your will, master? then said Little John,
I pray come tell unto me,
I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham,
This day to dine with thee.

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*Robin Hood hid under the manger discovers the
Hostler cheating the horse of his corn.*

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He is welcome to me then, said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground,
And out of the sheriff's portmanteau, he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey;
O have me commended to your wife at home,
So Robin went laughing away.

Our adventurer being another time at Wigton in Yorkshire, and hearing how barbarously the hostlers would cheat the horses of their provender, privately went into the stable, and hid himself under the manger. A little time after came the hostler into the stable, under pretence

pretence of feeding Robin's horse. But, he no sooner had put the oats and beans in the manger, and laid down his sieve, but he swept them all into a canvas bag fixed under one corner of the manger; and so away he went. Robin, who all the while kept himself secretly hid under the manger, seeing how the hostler managed his matters, got up and went into the kitchen again. After dinner he seemed to be for going; and calling for his reckoning, asked the hostler, what corn he had given his horse? he said, he had given what corn he had ordered him, and that the gentleman who dined with him, saw him bring it through the kitchen. To which Robin answered, do not tell me a lie, for I shall ask my horse presently. This saying put all the strange gentlemen that were with him into admiration, but above all, the inn-keeper, who asked him if the horse could speak?

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Speak? Yes, said Robin. That is impossible, replied the landlord. Not at all, said Robin; for my horse is taught by Art Magic: so fetch him hither, and you shall soon see whether the hostler has done him justice or not. Accordingly the horse was fetched, and Robin striking him on the belly, he laid his mouth to his master's ear (by custom) just as the pidgeon used to do to Mahomet's. Look ye there now, said Robin: did not I tell you that the hostler had cheated him of his corn? Why, said the landlord, what does he say? say, quoth Robin; why he says your hostler has flung all the corn into a bag placed at one corner of the manger. Upon this the landlord and his guest went into the stable; and, searching narrowly about the manger, found the bag of corn at one corner of it. The hostler he immediately turned off for his cruel villany.

It

It was customary for our adventurer to go frequently in disguise. Once in particular, he pulled off his fine cloaths, and dressed himself like an old shoe-maker, not forgetting an old leather apron, the better to colour his being one of the gentle craft. In this disguise he set out to travel, and coming to a lone inn in the road to Newcastle, it being near night, he put in there; and being pretty liberal in his expences, the landlord liked him so well for it, that he provided him with one of the best lodgings his house afforded; to which Robin retired by times. The house it seems was so full of guests, that all the beds were soon taken up; insomuch that a friar, who came in very late, rather than sleep on the floor, condescended to accept of a bedfellow. But there was none that cared to be disturbed at that time of night, except Robin, (whom they took for a shoemaker)

Our

Our friar no sooner got between the sheets, than being tired of his day's journey, he fell fast a sleep, and slept very heartily. But Robin having got a pretty good nap before, thought it best to sleep no more that night, but to lie awake and mediate mischief; for he never loved any of that function. The first thing that occurred, was to change breeches with the friar. Upon this he got up at dawn of day, and put on not only the friar's breeches, but also his monastical habit. Now, Robin finding these sacred habiliments fitted him very well, down stairs he goes and calls the hostler, bidding him bring his boots and make ready his horse. The hostler, not in the least mistrusting, but that it was really the friar, brought him his boots; but, unfortunately, as it might have happened for Robin, by giving some delay, he at the same time asked him what oats he should give his

his horse? half a peck of oats, says Robin, which was accordingly given him; Robin, we may well imagine, was all this while extremely uneasy till the horse had eat them; and, therefore, that he might be the sooner ready to go, called for the reckoning, when he was answered, that he had paid all last night but for his horse. The horse having eat up his corn, he mounted him with all the expedition imaginable, after paying for the corn, and giving the hostler something to drink his health; and away he rid as fast as the friar's horse would carry him, resolving to make himself merry at the first convenient place he came to. The friar in the mean time not dreaming what had happened, kept close within his bed; but about seven in the morning (it being in the month of June) waking out of his sleep, and going to bid his bedfellow good morrow, he soon found not only that

that the bird was flown, but also that he was flown away with his feathers; for he could see nothing but a parcel of old cloaths, which he supposed belonged to his bedfellow. Upon this, the friar, in a great surprise, knocks and calls for somebody to come up; but the servants, who supposed it to be only the old shoemaker, asked him, what a pox ailed him to make such a noise? and bad him be quiet, or else they would make him so. This vexed the friar, and made him knock the harder; upon which the chamberlain went up, and threatened to thrash him if he made any more noise. The friar, not understanding the meaning of this rude treatment, was amazed, and asked where his clothes were? the chamberlain, taking him for Sir Hugh, replied, "Where a plague should they be, but upon the chair, where you left them? who the devil do you think would meddle

meddle with your nasty clothes? they are not worth so much, that you need be afraid of any body's stealing them. The man's mad, replied the friar; do you know who you speak to? yes I do, says the chamberlain. If you did, answered the friar, you would use better language. Better language replied the chamberlain; my language is good enough for a pitiful drunken shoemaker. What do you mean by a drunken shoemaker? why I am the friar, said he, who came in here late last night. The devil you are, replied the chamberlain; I am sure the friar went away soon after three o'clock this morning. With that the friar jumpt out of bed in his shirt; and taking fast hold of the chamberlain, Sirrah, says he, produce me my cloaths and money, or I will break your neck down the stairs." With this noise and scuffle, up comes the landlord of the inn, and some of the servants, who
presently

presently discovered that this was not the person for whom they had taken the shoemaker; and upon a little enquiry into the matter, found that Sir Hugh had made an exchange with the friar; upon which the master of the inn furnished him with a suit of his own cloaths, and money to bear his charges home. Little John, too, used to go sometimes in disguise, of which we have a merry instance in the following old ballad.

LITTLE JOHN and the FOUR BEGGARS.

All you who delight to spend some time,
A merry song to sing!
Unto me draw near and you shall hear
How Little John went a begging.

As Robin walked the forest along,
And all his yeomandree,

Says

Says Robin, some of you begging must go,
And, Little John, it must be thee.

Says John, if I must a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sorts;
The better then shall I speed.

Come now give me a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheefe,
And for one penny, if I get any;
That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief;
But of all the beggars he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,
Four beggars he chanc'd to spy,
Some deaf, some blind, some came behind;
Says John, here's a brave company.

Good

Good day, said John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to see;
Which way do you go? pray let me know,
For I want some company.

O what's here to do? said Little John;
Why ring all these bells? said he,
What dog is hanging? let us be ganging,
That we the truth may see.

Here is no dog, one of them said,
Good fellow, I tell unto thee;
But here is one dead, will give us cheese and bread,
And it may be one single penny.

We have brethren in London, another said,
So we have in Coventry:
In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But no crooked carl like thee.

Therefore stand back, thou crooked carl,
And take that knock on your crown.

Nay,

Nay, said Little John, I will not be gone,
For a bout I will have with you round.

Now have at you all, said Little John,
Since you are so full of your blows;
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
Whether you be friend or foes.

John nipped the dumb and made him roar,
And the blind that could not see,
And he that a cripple had been seven years,
He made him run faster than he.

And flinging them against the wall,
With many a sturdy bang,
It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,
And against the walls cry twang.

Then he got out of the beggars cloak
Three hundred pounds in gold;
Good fortune have I, said Little John,
Such a fight to behold.

But

But found he in the beggars bag
But three hundred and three ;
If I drink water while this do last,
Then an ill death may I die.

And my begging trade I will now give o'er,
My fortune has been so good ;
Therefore I will not stay, but I will away
To the forest of merry Sherwood.

And when to the forest of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did see
Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
And all his company.

What news? what news? said Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me ;
How hast thou sped with thy beggar's trade,
For that I fain would see.

No news but good, said Little John,
With begging full well have I sped ;

Three

Three hundred and three I have here for thee,
In silver and gold so red.

Then Robin Hood took little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree :
If we do drink water while this does last,
Then an ill death may we die.

So to conclude my merry song ;
All you that delight for to sing :
It is Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

But to return. Robin Hood, another time, was riding towards London; and, being on Dunsmore heath, met with William Longchamp, then bishop of Ely, with a small retinue of about four or five in number. Immediately he rides up to one of the bishop's servants, whom he pretended to know ;
“ Ah ! Tom, says he, I am glad with all my heart

heart that I am come up with you, for there is whipping, doings abroad, there is nothing but robbing go where one will; I have got a great charge of money about me myself; but, since I have the good luck to get up with these honest gentlemen, I am not in fear of losing it; 'egad let the rogues come now if they dare, I am resolved to have a slap at them myself." This discourse which Robin had with the man, made his lordship and his retinue think him to be a very honest man; and they held a great deal of chat with him on the road, till, at last, an opportunity offering, says he to the bishop's attendants, "I am very dry; and, since you are pleased to give me protection from danger as far as I shall go your way, I will ride before, and see if I can get any good liquor to treat you for your civility; and shall be glad to find any worth your acceptance." Accordingly,

E

Robin

Robin set spurs to his horse, and rid away as fast as if it had been for some wager; when, being out of sight, he quickly tied his horse to a tree in a thick wood, which was on one side of the road, through which the bishop was to pass. Then, making what haste he could back again to the company, says he "O gentlemen? I am ruined and undone, for meeting, in yonder lane, with two rogues, they have robbed me of all I had; they have taken above forty marks from me; but the villains being but indifferently mounted, I do not doubt but that, if you were to pursue them, you would soon take them." This news put them into a great consternation; and, the bishop, pitying Robin's pretended loss, said to his servants, "Let the poor fellow shew you which way the rogues took and go all of you after them as fast as you can, and take them if possible
They

They obeyed the bishop's command, taking Robin along with them. When they came into a narrow lane, Robin gave them the necessary directions for pursuing the highwaymen, when away they rid, as fast as their horses could carry to catch them. But Robin's business was with the bishop; and, accordingly, back he goes immediately, and says to him, "Sir, my time is but very short; and, therefore, very precious; you must deliver what money you have, or expect the worst of usage." The bishop was very much surprized at Robin's impudence; but, not knowing how to help himself, thought proper to give him two hundred and fifty marks; when Robin, making all the expedition he could to the wood, mounted his horse, and rid off with his prize. Soon after the bishop being met by his servants, they told him they could not hear of the
rogues

rogues high nor low. Ah! answered the bishop, "I he greatest rogue has been with me; for he that pretended to be robbed of forty marks, has just now made up the loss by robbing me of six times the money. But for his sake, I shall never put confidence in a man who pretends to too much honesty."

Robin, after coming into an inn near Buckingham, heard a great singing and dancing; he enquired the reason thereof, and found it was a country wake, at which were present most of the young men and maids for several miles round about. Robin, pleased at the adventure, set up his horse at the same inn; and, as he was drinking in the kitchen, an old rich farmer came in with an hundred marks tied up in a bag under his arm, which he had just received. The farmer, it seems, must needs step into this inn, to see their mirth and pastime

pastime, instead of going directly home with his money, though he was not above a quarter of a mile from the town. Robin, seeing him admitted into the room where the wake was kept, asked the landlord whether he too might not be permitted to see the country diversion, without any offence to the company. The landlord told him he might and welcome. Upon this he entered the room likewise; but his eyes were more fixed upon the farmer's bag of money, than the young folks dancing; and observing, in the room where they were, a chimney with a large funnel, he went out, and prevailed on the hostler, for a reward, to dress up a great mastiff dog in a cow's hide that he had in the stable; and placing the horns just on the forehead, let him down the chimney hastily, when they should be in the height of their jollity, by the help of a ladder and rope, into the room where they were all assembled.

assembled. But Robin took care to be returned before the acting of this scene. The dog howled hideously as he descended ; and, rushing among them in that frightful form, turned all into a hurry and confusion. The music was immediately silenced ; the tables overthrown ; the drink spilt ; the people screaming and crowding to get down stairs as fast as they could, every one striving to be foremost, lest the devil (as they supposed this to be) should take the hindmost. All the musical instruments were trod to peices. The supposed devil made his way over all, into the stable, whether the hostler hastened to uncase him. Sometime after, coming a little to their senses, looking about them, and seeing no more of this supposed devil, they all concluded he was vanished into the air. But, during this hurly-burly, the old farmer being in as dreadful a fright as any of them, dropt his hundred marks

marks, and fled for safety; whilst Robin, securing the money under his cloak, immediately took horse, and made the best of his way. As soon as all things were in order again, there was a sad outcry for the hundred marks; but as they could not be found, the company supposed the late devil had take them away, and considered the loss as a judgment inflicted on the farmer, who was a covetous wretch; one, whose study was how to couzen his neighbours; beggar the widow; or undo the orphan, or any body else, so he could get money.

Another time, Robin, having been riding for his pleasure, as he was returning home in the evening, very well mounted, and drest like a gentleman, he perceived from a rising ground near Tuinton-bridge, in Yorkshire, a gentleman walking in his gardens, which, were

were indeed, very fine, and of a large extent. Upon this, he rode up to the gardener, who was standing at a back door, and enquired of him, whether a gentleman, whose curiosity had led him to see those famous gardens, might not have the liberty to walk in them? the gardener, knowing his master was willing that any person, making a genteel appearance, might walk therein, gave him admittance. Then Robin, alighting, gave the gardener his horse to hold; and made up to the master of the gardens, begging in a very submissive manner, he would pardon his presumption in coming into his gardens when his worship was there recreating himself. The gentleman told him he was very welcome; and even invited him to see his wilderness; where, sitting down in an harbour, they began to talk very merrily together. But it was not long before Robin told him, “that he heard he
was

was a very charitable gentleman; and that therefore he must now make bold with him to borrow that little money he had about him; for he had but little himself, and that he had a long way to travel." At these words the gentleman began to be startled, and expressed a great surprize at his impudence. But Robin told him "he was a dead man if he made any resistance." Then he tied him to a tree, and went away with a large booty; bidding him, however to be of good cheer, for that he would send one presently to release him. Accordingly, going to the gardener, who held his horse all the while; he after giving him a ninepenny piece, told him his master wanted to speak with him. Then mounting his horse, he rode off, whilst the gardener made haste to his master, whom he was very much surprized to find bound in that manner. The gentleman, on being loosened,
returned

returned his gardener many thanks for sending a rogue to rob him in his own gardens.

Robin's resoluteness often led him to seek out for some new adventures by himself. And once, in particular, whilst he was in search of them, he had not gone far before he met the lord Longshamp near Nottingham, with three servants. His first words were these: "Sir, I have a great occasion for a little money at this time; so deliver what you have, or expect a knock on the pate. Says his lordship, how dare you, sirrah, have the impudence to stop a nobleman? let me get off my horse, and I will fight you at quarter-staff. Why truly, replied Robin, my lord, that is a fair challenge; and I should be very willing to accept of it, but I doubt, when you are off your horse, instead of fighting, you will run away, as you did when you betrayed

betrayed the poor duke of ———. I would not put it into your power to run away; so pray, Sir, do not stand prating, but deliver what you have presently. Says his lordship, what the devil are my servants doing there? what! three great cowardly dogs of you, and all stand still, to let me be robbed by one poor thief? thief! scoundrel, replied Robin, I am a gentleman bred and born, and you see I live by my sword and staff; therefore do not rely on your servants assistance; for the first of them that offers to lay his hand on his sword, is a dead man, as you are, if you make any more words;" offering at the same time, as if he would strike him. His lordship cried out for quarter, and gave him a brace of hundred pounds, which he had in his portmanteau. With these Robin returned to Sherwood, to make merry with his companions.

Our

Our adventurer, as he on the one hand was endued with so much love and charity for the poor, that he took pleasure in relieving any family in distress, so he was on the other hand, a mortal enemy to misers and engrossers of corn; and, accordingly, often took from them to relieve the necessitous. One time being at Wantage, a great market for corn, he happened to fall into a person's company at an inn there, whom he knew to be a great engrosser of corn, and who had, accordingly, bought as much corn in the market as cost him fourscore marks. Robin bought it of him again, and paid him an hundred marks, ready money, for it; liking it, as he pretended, far beyond any he had seen that day, and then immediately sent it to be distributed among the poor of the country; and, in the mean time, understanding which way his corn-merchant went, was soon

soon at his heels, and demanded his money again, and what he had besides. This surprized the countryman greatly, who shaking and trembling very much, asked him, "Whether he thought it justice to take from him his goods and money too? says Robin, why have not I, you villain, paid you for your corn honestly; and can you have the impudence to talk of justice, where there is none in the world acts more injustice than an engrosser of corn? sirrah, there is no vermin in the land like you; you slander both heaven and earth with pretended dearths, when there is no scarcity at all: so talk no more of your justice and honesty, but immediately deliver your money, or I shall crack your crown for you." Upon this he delivered him a bag, in which Robin found his own money, and as much more to it; so away he went with a great deal of satisfaction.

As Robin was going one morning to Nottingham, he met with a tinker, and civilly asked him where he lived, for he heard there was nothing but bad news abroad: "What bad news is it, answered the tinker? for I live at Banbury, and am a tinker by trade, and as I came along I heard no sad news. Yes, says Robin, the news that I heard was bad, but true; for it was only two tinkers in the stocks for drinking. Your news, says the tinker, is not worth a fart; and had they looked in your face, they would have put you in to bear them company; for I dare say you love beer as well as any tinker in town. So I do, answered Robin; but pray tell me what news abroad; for you that came from town must needs here some news. Why, replied the tinker, I hear no other news than of a great hue-and-cry after Robin Hood; and I have a warrant in my pocket for apprehending

hending him, wheresoever I find him; and, if you can tell me where he is, I will make a man of you for your pains. Let me see the warrant, says Robin, whether it be made strong and good, and I will go with you and take him this night, for I know a house that he uses at Nottingham. No, answered the tinker, I will not let no man see my warrant, and if you won't help me to take him, I will go and apprehend him myself. So Robin, perceiving how the game went, asked him to go with him to Nottingham; for he said he was sure to meet with Robin there. It was not long before they arrived at Nottingham, where they went into an inn, and drank so plentifully, that the tinker got drunk, and fell asleep; then Robin took away the tinker's money and the king's warrant, and left him ten shillings to pay. When the tinker awoke, it would have made one laugh to behold his
fright

fright at the loss of his money and warrant; he called up his landlord, and told him what a mischance had befallen him: that the stranger who was drinking with him was run away, and had robbed him of all his money; and had taken a warrant out of his pocket which he had from the king to apprehend Robin Hood. The landlord told him, that it was Robin Hood himself, who had been drinking with him all that day. Upon this, the tinker raved and fretted like a madman, and swore what he would have done, had he but known it had been him. But all his blustering ended in being obliged to leave his budget to answer the reckoning.

Though Robin Hood, it appears, was so fond of fighting, he was no stranger to the feelings of friendship. Of this we have a proof in the following ballad.

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER.

Or, True Friendship after a fierce Fight.

When Phœbus had melted the isicles of ice,
And likewise the mountains of snow:
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind;
While thro' the green vallies he past;
There he did behold a forester bold,
Who cried out, friend, whether so fast?

I am going, said Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Besides, e'er I go, I will have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd best have a care, said the forester,
For these are his Majesty's deer;

Before you shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head forester here.

Thirteen long summers, said Robin, I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range, methinks it is strange,
You should have more power than I.

This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And so are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I will not be affronted by you.

The forester he had a long quarter staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be tried.

Old Robin he had a sword of the best;
Thus e'er he would take any wrong,
Courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And so they went to it ding dong.

The

The very first blow that the forester gave,
It made his broad weapon cry twang:
It was over the head, he fell down for dead,
Oh! that was a dreadful bang.

But Robin he soon did recover himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man was there slain.

At quarter staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have the other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as fast;
At every stroke their jackets did smock,
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
And cudgelled Robin so sore.

That

That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He said let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess,
I never knew any so good;
Thou art sitting to be a yeoman to me,
And range in the merry green wood.

I will give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou hast acted thy part?
The man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my own heart.

Then Robin setting his horn to his mouth,
A blast he merrily blows;
His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
An hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate sight to be seen.

Lo!

Lo! these are my yeoman, said Robin Hood;
Wilt thou be one of my train?
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain.

The forester willingly entered the list,
They were such a beautiful fight;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With joy and delight they spent the whole night:
And lived at a plentiful rate.

The forester ne'er was so merry before,
As when he was with these brave souls;
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, and ale,
To take off their cherishing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow;

This

This done, the next day, so gallant and gay
He marched them all in a row.

Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true to your trust,
And then we may range the woods wide;
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
They would conquer or die by his side.

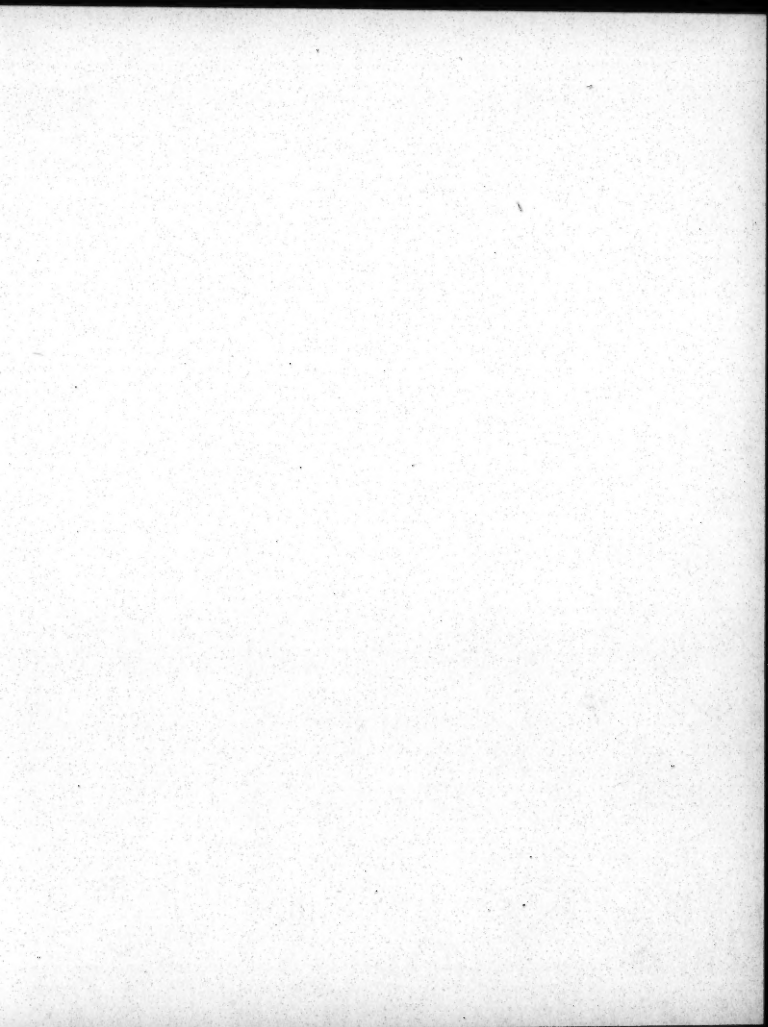
The above recited stories are some of the great number told of this adventurer. Were we to give an account of all, it would swell his history to too immoderate a length. Let it suffice to say, that Robin Hood was a very bold man, of a charitable and generous disposition to the last degree. The long distance of time he lived in from these our days, makes the generality of people look upon his actions as fabulous. It may be so, for we have no certainty about them. In several books I have been obliged to peruse, I find the very same exploits attributed to him, which

which are reported to be performed by Falstaff and Glanville. These I have purposely omitted, not to give my readers the same things in two different places. Indeed, I might have inserted the story about our adventurer and the Pinner of Wakefield, this having as much veracity in it, as any thing that captain Alexander Smith (who is too concise) says about him; but I have thought fit to omit it, as I have already made his story sufficiently long. I shall only add, that Robin Hood, falling sick, after having pursued his licentious course above twenty years, he was struck with remorse of conscience for his past mis-spent life, and unlawful practices; he thereupon privately withdrew to a monastery, in Yorkshire, where, being let blood by a monk, he bled to death, aged forty-three years, and was entered in Kingsly

ROBIN HOOD.

The Prioreſs of Birkſley monaſtery, in York-
ſhire, ordered the following Epitaph to be cut
on his grave-ſtone.

Full twenty years, or ſomewhat more,
He robb'd the rich, to feed the poor;
Therefore his grave bedew with tears,
And offer for his ſoul your pray'rs.



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